Albany Register.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY, BY

COLL. VAN CLEVE,

IN THE REGISTER BUILDING,

Corner Ferry and First Streets.

TERMS—IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year.....$2 50
One copy, six months.....1 50
To clubs of twenty, each copy.....$2 00
Single copies.....Ten cents.

Subscribers outside of Linn county will be charged 20 cents extra—$2 70 for the year—as that is the amount of postage per annum which we are required to pay on each paper mailed by us.

Agents for the Register.

The following named gentlemen are authorized to receive and receipt for subscriptions to the Register in the localities mentioned:

Messrs. Kirk & Hunsaker.....Brownsville.
Robert Glass.....Crawfordsville.
W. P. Smith.....Halsey.
O. P. Tompkins.....Harrisburg.
S. H. Claughton.....Lebanon.
A. Wheeler & Co.....Shedd.
Messrs. Smith & Brasfield.....Junction City.
J. B. Irvine.....Scio.
Thos. H. Reynolds.....Salem.

FRIDAY.....DECEMBER 15, 1876.

ANALYSIS OF THE VOTE FOR PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS, NOV. 7, 1876.

The following statement, compiled from the census of 1870, shows the relative geographical area, wealth, population and intelligence of the Hayes and Tilden States:

Aggregate area of all the States, 2,088,967 square miles; the real and personal property, $29,842,778,448; population, 38,155,505; number of persons who cannot read, 4,444,503; number who cannot write, 5,559,311. The States claimed for Tilden embrace an area of 850,237 square miles, with a population of 19,764,292, possessing wealth to the amount of $14,468,704,871: of this population there are 3,257, 684 who can not read, and 3,673,611 who cannot write. The States that have cast their vote for Hayes have an area of 1,238,750 square miles, a population of 18,391,213, with wealth aggregating $15,374,073,572: of this population there are only 1,184,720 who can not read, and 1,575,700 who can not write.

Hence the States represented in the vote of Hayes, if elected, contain nearly 400,000 square miles more of territory than the area embraced in the States represented by the vote of Tilden, and nearly $1,000,000,000 more of the wealth of the Nation; while those represented by Tilden's vote embrace nearly all the ignorance and consequent crime of the Nation, and those represented by the vote of Hayes its very highest intelligence, the noblest culture and learning, as they do its greatest wealth and taxation, and the largest portion of its geographical area. By a singular perversity of things, the vote of Tilden, the candidate of the men and party who labor to disfranchise the negro, to wrest from him all political power, represents the great bulk of the negro population, and Hayes' vote a vast majority of the white population, as it does the land, the wealth, and the intelligence of the Republic.

Analyze and run the parallel as you will, the result is the same: in the relative number of libraries, public and private, and in the number of their volumes; in the relative number of institutions of learning and school facilities and attendance, in the relative number of authors and works published and read, and newspapers and periodicals printed; in the relative character of populations, their relative thrift, industry, wealth and morals; under every analysis and comparison, the dread color line of ignorance and crime bounds and darkens the Tilden States. That, too, while giving Tilden all the advantages of the notorious Democratic violence and fraud at the late election, while counting for him all the States thus carried. Thus the electoral vote of New York will be counted for him. But is he legally entitled to the vote? He carried New York city and its surroundings through the terrible frauds of its vicious classes. The State was heavily against him. Thus the city, by its frauds and crimes, disfranchises the legal majority in the State, and Tilden will count its electoral vote as the representative, not of its legal popular majority, but of its Five Points and its criminal classes.

In the like manner, and for like reasons, Tilden will count the electoral vote of Indiana, only carried for him by the fraudulent Kentucky vote, principally in three counties, against the legal popular majority of the State; and of New Jersey and Connecticut, only carried for him by colonization, false naturalization and registration, and wholesale repeating, violently disfranchising, as in New York, the legal popular majorities of those States.

In the South the violence and fraud was even more notorious and flagrant, and the pretended popular majorities even greater sheats. The election, indeed, was simply an infamous and bloody farce; it was no election. In the States of Georgia, Kentucky, Arkansas, Tennessee, Texas, etc., with the State Governments and all the machinery of election under the control of the Confederates, no Republican organization or canvass was permitted, and the pretended popular majorities returned are simply the handiwork of their returning boards or State officers. In North Carolina the Republicans carried the State by a handsome majority on the legal vote. The returns show that their candidates polled a heavier vote than was ever before polled by any party in the State, but the ballot-box stuffing in the Vance counties disfranchises the legal popular majority in the State. In Alabama and Mississippi crime rioted in all manner of deviltry. In the two States, both confessedly Republican by at least sixty or seventy thousand votes, the pretended Democratic majorities reach 80,000; and as in Mississippi and Alabama, so by systematic intimidation, through organized violence and blood, they desperately attempted to wrest South Carolina, Louisiana and Florida from their legal Republican majorities.

Hence, if we strike from Tilden's poll the majorities thus obtained through gigantic fraud, he has not carried six of the seventeen States claimed for him, and he stands in an immense minority of the legal popular vote, as he does in the representation of the wealth and intelligence of the nation.

The infamous and violent fraud, in the form of an election just closed, has no parallel in the history of free government. In 1861 the Democratic rebellion was, by force of arms, to destroy the Union, to blot out the Republic from the family of nations, and to erect an oligarchy, based upon negro slavery, upon the ruins of American liberty. In 1876 the Confederate Democratic conspiracy is but slightly modified—a rebellion by all malignant agencies, by systematic intimidation and fraud, through organized violence and murder, to distranchise the legal, popular majorities of the States, to subvert the Constitution, to destroy the Democratic principle underlying it and our laws, and substitute for it, in the rule of the government and nation, the old oligarchical tyranny!

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

POLITICAL.—THE MENZIES LIBRARY.—TWEED.—FASHIONS.—BUSINESS AND MONEY.

NEW YORK, Nov. 24, 1876.

POLITICAL.

Probably the most desperate set of men that ever existed are the Democracy of New York. The certainty of Hayes' election has maddened them, for they were near enough the plunder to smell it, and to have it taken from their very claws is a little too much for their patience. They do not propose to give it up, and have already fixed up their programme. They propose to deny the legality of the election; the Democratic House will assert that there has been no legal expression of the will of the people, and that consequently the House must, as in case of a failure to elect, proceed to the election of a President. It will refuse to join the Senate in counting the returns, and will go on and elect Tilden and inaugurate him. They claim that he can be inaugurated anywhere, and the House will recognize him as the President, refuse to recognize Hayes, and will call upon the Governors of the States to recognize their Government. That this programme has been determined upon by Tilden, is shown in the fact that every Democratic paper in the city that is owned by Tilden had articles simultaneously, insisting that if three doubtful States were counted for Hayes it would be an usurpation which no Democrat could possibly accept, and resistance by force was not at all dimly hinted at. And Tilden's editorial bureau, which he personally directs, is sending off articles to picked Democratic papers in strong Democratic sections of the most inflammatory character, and calculated to fire the Democratic heart. They reiterate the statement that Hayes will be counted in by fraud—that Tilden will resist, and they call upon all good Democrats to be ready to sustain him. Add to this the fact that the rifle clubs in the South, another name for organized militia, are 350,000 strong, and that arms were sent to them from the Democratic National Committee, and some notion of their designs may be formed. It has been established beyond a peradventure, that the National Democratic Committee did sell New York State cannon at a merely nominal price to South Carolina, and that very large shipments of muskets have been sent to the same parties from this city. They either mean business or they are indulging in a remarkable game of bluff. The Republicans take it all very quietly. Grant, not Buchanan, is President, and he knows how to stamp out rebellions. He had one large one on his hands once, and it will be a very small matter for him to mash this little one. Despite the brag and bluster of the Democracy, Hayes will be inaugurated, if he is declared elected, and he will serve his four years. It is a significant fact that while the Republicans here insist that they will not have the Presidency unless Hayes is fairly elected, the Democratic leaders say nothing of the kind. They have declared in advance that the count must necessarily be a fraud, and they will have the control of the Government whether they are entitled to it or not; and as nothing is done in Democratic circles except by the direction of Tilden himself, all this inflammatory talk may be charged directly to him. If we have any trouble he will be responsible for it.

THE MENZIES LIBRARY

Which was sold at auction, taking five days of last week was one of those collections which give the ordinary reader new ambitions in the world of books. To give some ordinarily appreciable idea of its value to begin with, the library brought nearly $75,000 at auction, not one-fourth its real worth. Some black letter books brought over a thousand dollars apiece, being a matter of 300 years old, and among the earliest specimens of printing in existence, but these would not compare in the sight of enthusiastic Americans with the original manuscript order book of Valley Forge, faded and with the pages tendered with time, and handling, but preserved in a case of heavy morocco. There were many specimens of the earliest printing in this country, but in any eyes save those of a book collector, the prizes of the library were an Abbottsford edition of Walter Scott, and one of Ruskin's works with proof engravings. Such luxury of type and delicacy of illustration was sent the poor book lovers, who cannot afford editions at three and four hundred dollars, away saddened, but glad to have rejoiced their eyes with such elegant volumes.

Mr. Menzies had what had cost him over $200,000 in his library, and in ordinary times it would have realized twice that amount, for some of the books extant, and were priceless. But books, like real estate, have felt the effect of hard times, and so the whole lot sold for what collectors would call "a song."

It is understood that the owner was compelled by stress of bad financial weather to part with a collection that had taken a life-time to get together.

TWEED.

The champion thief of the nineteenth century, is once more in New York, and in durance vile. He landed last Thursday morning from the United States steamer Franklin, and was turned over to sheriff Connor from whose custody he escaped two years ago. He got away in a yacht, landed in Cuba, was protected by the Governor General of that island, at a cost of $300,000, and when so closely pursued by the American officials that hiding was impossible, he fled to Spain where he was apprehended and returned. His history is suggestive. A few years ago, he was worth his stolen millions, he was surrounded by parasites who flattered him to the top of his bent. Tilden was his obsequious tool and partner, he made Governors, Legislatures, Senators, and Representatives, he disbursed millions unquestioned, and his ambition went beyond his state and he was reaching for the control of the country. Now he is a poor, old, broken-down man. Gone are the friends who shared his prosperity—gone is his money, gone is his power, the man whom he befriended, and who shared his pluder, is at the head of his organization and is trying to steal the Presidency, and of the throng of followers and flatterers who drank his wine and took his money, three years ago, there is not one so poor as to do him reverence. It doesen't pay to be a thief. The old man is well aware of what is before him. There are indictments enough on him to keep him in the penitentiary three times as long as he is likely to live, and he will get the full benefit of them, for no one dare say a word for him. It is curious how that old party went. Fisk was shot, Genet, Sweeny and Connolly are skulking about Europe, and as a broken man, Tweed will die in the penitentiary, and Tilden—well, the less said about him the better. It may be a little troublesome to be honest, at times, but it is better, in the long run, to keep on that side.

FASHIONS.

The felt bonnets are almost quakerish in their snug fit and close trimming. Bottle green, black and dark ash-gray are stylishly worn, trimmed with heavy silk, or silk and velvet. It takes a nice hand to adjust the trimming which looks so modest, and is so precise. A silk binding or piping finishes the brim even when there is a velvet facing; three-eighths of bias silk at least, is laid in four or five folds close round the crown, reversed on the right side, and the ends snugly tucked under on the left where they meet, two standing loops in front and a feather or two lying demurely over on the crown finish the most stylish bonnets. The face trimming of some rich soft-hued velvet between these close bonnets that are entirely in quiet French taste, and the flowing plumes and grace of Gainsborough hat, there is complete contrast; and yet when well-worn, the latter is as modest as the other. The Gainsborough needs only a scarf of soft rich silk drawn close about the crown set off by the very softest of curling feathers. For a last item, the newest dress trimming is a button with three drops, to be liberally sprinkled over costumes and cloaks, making a combination effect of buttons and fringe together.

BUSINESS AND MONEY.

Business is terribly dull. No one seems disposed to do anything till the Presidency is settled. If Tilden steals Louisiana, it will continue so, for no one will know, till after the meeting of his Congress what will be his policy. If Hayes is elected business men will breathe free, for they know what his policy is, and can calculate. Buyers are cutting closely and sellers are equally indifferent, for unless a man has cash it may possibly be unsafe to deal with him. Theatres are full, for the strangers keep them fed, but I notice fewer rich dresses and less display of wealth than usual. I observe furs two seasons old, dresses that have been made over, and hats that new trimming has made presentable. Women haven't the money to spend, and economy is the rule. We want to know who is President.

THE LAST SCANDAL.

Is the old one. Rich Cuban—young and beautiful lady slips and falls—Cuban picks her up—acquaintance—Cuban fancies he has a young, innocent, virtuous girl—calls, makes love and finally takes her to his house in Poughkeepsie, as housekeeper. Intimacy—girl blossoms out not quite so innocent as Cuban supposed—demands of money-scheming old father—Cuban bleeds awhile, but finally refuses. Shyster lawyer—suit for breach of promise in which the girl swears everything blue one way, and Cuban swears everything black another. Crowds every day in the court, and—but the trial is not over yet. This, in brief, is the history of the Del Valle-Martinez case, now in progress. While there is but little doubt that Del Valle fell into the hands of an experienced schemer, I am glad to see him fleeced. He supposed her an innocent girl and set about to ruin her without any compunction. When such get hoist with their own petard, a good lesson has been taught the world.

PIETRO.

MR. REED'S WAY.

The Wildacre School was universally thought to be the most unmanageable in the State, though it was only a girls' school. When Miss Brierly kept it, the trustees voted it little short of Bedlam. The young ladies were down in lower hall, chatting and flirting with the young men who chanced to lounge that way, or dropping *billets-doux* out the window with a cord, and pulling up the answers by the same means, and sweetening their devotion to Virgil with French candy. If Miss Kew fainted, as she had a nervous trick of doing, half the school would rush to a neighbor's for the camphor bottle before Miss Brierly could look about her, and it was ten to one if many of them returned for the remainder of the session.

"Miss Brierly," Georgie Jones would say, in the blandest tones of friendliness—"Miss Brierly, the braid is ripped off the bottom of your skirt half a yard."

"Thank you, thank you," Miss Brierly would reply in her nervous, hurried way, perfectly conscious of her slovenly appearance. But, on her path to the blackboard, another piece of officiousness would give her the same disagreeable information.

"The braid's off your dress, Miss Brierly."

"Yes, thanks; I've just been told;" and thus, in her progress about the school-room, a dozen other mischievous girls, as if by preconcerted movement, would announce the same pleasing fact—a dimpled hand would be lifted from one seat and another to ask permission to tell her the braid was ripped off her dress—till Miss Brierly, out of all patience, would cry out,

"The first young lady who speaks about the braid on my dress shall lose a hundred marks and her recess!"

"But it *isn't* on your dress, Miss Brierly; it's ripped *off*;" would be the last shot, from the most daring foe.

Sometimes the theme was her hair, escaped from its confining pins; and as Miss Brierly wore a switch, and switches were something to blush for in those days, it was naturally, enough to vex the heart of a saint. The girls of Wildacre were too full of vinegar to reflect whether they would like to stand in Miss Brierly's shoes; and it was through their persistent mischief as much as her own incompetence that she lost her situation, and Mr. Reed came to take her place. Even he found it no bed of roses—a handsome young fellow, with an eye like Mars, which was greatly needed at Wildacre to threaten or command, and the muscle of an athlete. But Mr. Reed had an inherited habit of blushing, and the young ladies were not slow to take advantage of it. Perhaps the ringleader of the school was Georgie Jones, as pretty a little witch as ever worked mischief; she it was who first discovered his one weakness, which, let us add, was not the result of bashfulness, but merely of a thin skin. Perhaps there was no less bashful man in the world than Mr. Reed, and Miss Georgie was a match for him there, and did her prettiest to put him to confusion. She sketched his unmistakable caricature on the blackboard, where she had been sent to work out an algebraic equation, of which he caught a glimpse, turning his head inopportunely. Before her quick hand could erase it he had stayed the movement by his own.

"Is *that* your unknown quantity, Miss Jones?" said he. "Please to finish your problem."

Miss Georgie seized the crayon, in an instant of daring impudence, and wrote off against the caricature, "*plus* his blush *equals*"—and then she paused. Now, the woman who hesitates, we know, is lost.

"Can't you finish it?" asked her teacher. "I thought you had committed your lesson. Give me the crayon, if you please."

"*Equals* Miss Jones *plus* her impertinence," he wrote.

"Now prove it, sir, if you please," said Miss Georgie, demurely.

"You may take your seat, Miss Jones, and finish your lesson after school." But presently the bell rang, and the young lady whose business it was to answer the door brought up a note, which ran thus:

"Will Mr. Reed kindly dismiss Miss Georgie Jones at 10:30, and oblige her aunt?"

"Miss Jones," said he, "you may be dismissed."

"*I*?" she asked, with an air of surprise. "I was to remain after school."

"Your aunt requests that you should be dismissed."

"Oh, thanks." There was a general titter as Miss Georgie decamped, casting a triumphant look over her shoulder, for they were all very well aware that the note was a fabrication of her own, carried out by Miss Kew, who had been dismissed on account of a violent fit of sneezing, and returned by means of a small urchin she had bribed with a penny.

Unfortunately for Miss Georgie, Mr. Reed, having an errand at the railway station after school, encountered her aunt just stepping from the train.

"I didn't know you were out of town," said he. "Have you been away long?"

"Only for a week's shopping. How is Georgie doing Mr. Reed? Do you think she will graduate this year? I'm anxious, because she will have to teach when she gets through."

"Indeed! I hope she may find pupils as docile as herself."

The next time Miss Georgie brought her pencil and requested Mr. Reed to sharpen it, as she sometimes did, he asked, "Are you going to write me another note, Miss Jones?"

"Another note!" she repeated. "When did I ever write you a note?"

"Can you say that you never did?"

"What *do* you mean, Mr. Reed?"

"What does *this* mean?" and he produced the note in question,

She gave a light laugh. "It means that you haven't proved your problem yet. All's fair in love and war, they say."

Mr. Reed's face did not reflect her smile, and Georgie noted the fact with astonishment.

"Do you think this quite honest?" he asked.

"Honest!" she repeated coloring. "I certainly do not think it is polite to call me dishonest," defiantly.

"Was it polite to deceive me?"

"Please give me my pencil," said Miss Impertinence. "Your riddles are too hard for me."

"You may take your seat, Miss Jnes."

Miss Jones took her seat obediently, and presently the bell rang in the lower hall. A stranger might not have discovered any connection between the two facts; but the young ladies were allowed to answer the bell by turns, and it so happened that it was Miss Georgie's week to perform that pleasant office. She rose quickly to the performance of her duty. "Compose yourself, Miss Jones," said Mr. Reed. "Miss Sampson, if you will take charge of the school *I* will answer the bell myself!" There was a general titter, led by the disgraced Georgie, as he suspected, for when he reached the lower hall nobody was to be seen, not so much as a naughty urchin scampering down the green or peering from behind an elm. He went quietly up stairs, but said nothing. The next afternoon the bell rang again. "You may go down, Miss Georgie," he said. Miss Georgie did as she was bidden, for a wonder, and, returning after a reasonable time, remarked that Miss Kew was wanted. Miss Kew was on her feet before the words were well out of Georgie's mouth.

"Sit down, if you please, Miss Kew," said Mr. Reed. "I will go down myself and see your friend! if it is anything urgent, you shall follow." Mr. Reed accordingly descended! nobody was there. "You may remain after school, Miss Jones," he said, when he returned! "and in the meantime I will, to prevent any further interruption from visitors, invite you to take this seat, which, I think, is more than armslength away from the bell-wire." Miss Jones had sat where she could watch her chance, touch the bell-wire, and take an airing followed by her favorite chum.

It must be confessed that after the last lingering girl had disappeared and left Mr. Reed alone with Georgie in the echoing school-room with its paneling of blackboard and chalk-marks, as if it had gone into half mourning, that he felt just a little nervous and uneasy. It was rather ungallant to ask her to come to him, and it was equally undignified to go to her; however, he went presently and sat down in the seat just in front of her, facing, and leaning one arm upon her desk.

"Miss Georgie," he began, "I am disappointed in you."

"In me!" looking up archly. "I hadn't promised anything, that I'm aware."

"I wish you would be serious, Miss Jones," he pursued. "I assure you this seems to be a matter of too much importance to admit of trifling. I could not believe that *you* would stoop to such devices and deceits! Don't you see how you wound, how you disappoint me? How hard it goes with one who has formed an ideal, and—" he paused in his eloquence; Miss Jones was regarding him with an air of surprise; he blushed and stumbled in his speech—"and—and—I don't know what I was about to say; however, I hope you are sorry, Miss Georgie!"

"I am dreadfully sorry to lose my tea; we were going to have hot muffins. Aren't you hungry, Mr. Reed?"

"You don't mean to say that you are *not* sorry?" he flashed. "It can not be possible that *you* have so little regard for truth, *you* in whom I have believed, with whom I would have trusted every thing and any thing, *you* whom I love—" He paused again confounded by his own words, which seemed to have slipped from his lips unbidden.

"Mr. Reed, did you keep me after school to listen to a proposal?" she asked, rising quite angrily. "It is something quite unusual."

"I did not intend it, believe me, Miss Jones. Pardon me; but out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh—I must have been thinking aloud. If you have found out my secret, I dare say you are none the happier for it."

"I suppose I may be dismissed if you have nothing more to say?" There were tears of anger or of something standing in her eyes.

"You *may* be dismissed. I have said too much; you have been terribly non-committal." He held out his hand, but she did not choose to see it, or the dusk prevented. The stars were coming out in the evening sky, scents of wild rose and sweet-fern were blowing in through the open windows, and a bell was tolling softly in some remote church tower, "Shall I walk home with you, Miss Jones?" he asked, as he locked the school-house door; "you have quite a walk over a lonely road."

"You might have thought of *that* earlier. I am not afraid, thank you. I know every rock between here and the farm," she answered, as he held the gate open for her to pass. Mr. Reed's emotions were not of an enviable nature as he walked home alone that evening; he had proposed to that little witch, whom he found it impossible to hate, and she had rebuked him. A pretty affair between teacher and pupil, verily! How pleasant it would be to open school next day, with each young lady ready to touch his wound with the scalpel of his ridicule, and Miss Georgie more audacious than ever! But Miss Georgie did not present herself, and the mischief of the others seemed to proceed lamely without her. Mr. Reed thanked Heaven that it was a half-holiday, and instead of going home to dinner like a sensible man—though what lover is sensible, for the matter of that?—he struck out for the woods and the river, a long tramp in the burning sun, and being exhausted on his walk homeward, he threw himself down in the shade of some wild blossoming shrubs and fell asleep. He was awakened by the sound of voices. Were the leaves talking? Was the wind syllabling familiar words?

"Georgie had a headache this morning when I called for her; lectures don't agree with her digestion." All at once he sat upright. It was Miss Kew who was speaking, and he could see her and half a dozen others through the openings among the boughs, weaving oak leaves and gossiping idly.

"Poor Mr. Reed looked like a ghost this morning—a broken reed, indeed! I guess he found that Georgie belonged to a stiff-necked generation."

"I wonder what they talked about. Do you suppose she promised better behavior?"

"Maybe she promised for better or worse."

"Pshaw!" put in Miss Kew: "I asked her if he said anything tender, and she said, 'Tender! is a bear tender?'"

"He hugs!"

"I've told her that he was dead in love many's the time," continued Miss Kew, "and meant to marry her some day, with all her imperfections on her head."

"I dare say she wouldn't say 'no.'"

"Indeed, you needn't dare say any thing of the sort, Georgie Jones is above marrying a poor pedagogue."

"She's poor herself. Her uncle's only a farmer, and she's got to teach."

"But a beauty like Georgie doesn't need to jump out of the frying-pan into the fire. What sort of a match would Mr. Reed be?"

"A lucifer, I guess."

Surely listeners never hear any good of themselves, thought Mr. Reed, as he picked up his hat and strolled quietly away, screened by the friendly leaves. He felt as miserable as a man of twenty-nine is capable of feeling who has been guilty of nothing but an error of judgment. His term would end in a fortnight, however, and then he would throw up his situation and leave Wildacre forever. He walked on and on in an unnatural mood, taking any route that invited, trespassing over corn fields, climbing stone walls, crossing lazy streams, till all at once the sky seemed to change to inky blackness, shot across with blinding flashes of light; an Atlas weight seemed pressing upon his brain, the sound of roaring cataracts was in his ear, and unconsciousness followed.

There was a young girl rocking and sewing in the farm-house near, who, roused from some absorbing reflections of her own by the approaching feet and the tremor of anxious voices, moved leisurely to the doorway, and encountered the hired men bringing in a burden.

"It's a sunstroke, I reckon," said one. "Don't ye be scared, Miss Georgie; 'taint none of your folks."

"Oh! oh! oh!" cried Georgie, "Call Aunt Sue; call Uncle True. Run for the doctor, Jake—run for your life. Oh! oh! *Is* a sunstroke very dangerous? Can't I bathe his poor head, or do something? Poor fellow! it'll break somebody's heart. Why, it is—it is," with a gasp—"it is Mr. Reed! *Go*, both of you, all of you—*go* for the doctor. I will take care of him. Mr. Reed—dear Mr. Reed—speak to me—look at me. I am your own Georgie, and I am so sorry—so sorry, and I will never, never vex you any more if you will just say, 'I love you,' again, just once again!" and the tender words somehow reached the half-conscious ear, and he moved his lips feebly, whispering, half-inaudibly, "Love—I love you! I love you!"

And so it happened that Mr. Reed did not resign his situation at Wildacre, though the trustees were obliged to find a substitute for many a week, while he was recovering from the sunstroke, while he made a wedding tour. And so it happened that the Wildacre school became the most orderly in the country, perhaps because he married the ringleader!—*Harper's Bazar.*

The sad intelligence comes that the orang-outang in the Berlin Zoological Garden died recently of consumption. His loss is deeply felt. As an orang-outang he was an ornament to his profession, and in the social circle he shone pre-eminent. He was always kind to the female chimpanzee, and toward the gorilla showed no envy nor petty malice. He wore his whiskers in the style of the kaiser, and, though he hadn't at the time of his death evoluted his tail off, was always manly in his ways. In the midst of life we are in debt.